The most Lamentable Tragedie

Enter Titus, *olde* Marcus, *young* Lucius, *and other gentlemen with bowes, and* Titus *beares the arrowes with letters on the ends of them.*

Titus. Come *Marcus*, come, kinſemen this is the way,
Sir boy let me ſee your Archerie,
Looke ye draw home inough and tis there ſtraight,
Terras Aſtreá reliquit, be you remembred *Marcus*,
Shees gone, ſhees fled, ſirs take you to your tooles,
You Coſens ſhall goe ſound the Ocean,
And caſt your nets, happilie you may catch her in the ſea,
Yet ther's as little iuſtice as at land:
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you muſt doe it,
Tis you muſt dig with mattocke and with ſpade,
And pierce the inmoſt Center of the earth,
Then when you come to *Plutoes* Region,
I pray you deliuer him this petition,
Tell him it is for iuſtice and for aide,
And that it comes from olde *Andronicus*
Shaken with ſorrowes in vngratefull Rome.
Ah Rome, well, well, I made thee miſerable,
VVhat time I threw the peoples ſuffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore mee.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leaue you not a man of warre vnſearcht,
This wicked Emperour may haue ſhipt her hence,
And kinſemen then we may goe pipe for iuſtice.
Marcus. O *Publius*, is not this a heauie caſe
To ſee thy Noble Vnkle thus diſtract?
Publius. Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes
By day and night t'attend him carefully:
And feede his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget ſome carefull remedie.
Marcus. Kinſmen his ſorrowes are paſt remedie

But

of Titus

Ioine with the *Gothes*, ar
Take wreake on Rome f
And vengeance on the t
Titus. *Publius* how no
VVhat haue you met wi
Publius. No my good
If you will haue reuenge
Marrie for Iuſtice ſhee is
He thinks with *Ioue* in he
So that perforce you muſ
Titus. He doth me wr
Ile diue into the burning
And pull her out of Aca
Marcus we are but ſhrub
No big-boand-men fram
But mettall *Marcus*, ſteel
Yet wrung with wrongs
And ſith ther's no iuſtice
VVe will ſollicite heauen
To ſend downe Iuſtice fo
Come to this geare, you a
He giues th
Ad Iouem, thats for you,
Ad Martem, thats for my
Here boy to *Pallas*, here t
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, no
You were as good to ſho
Too it boy, *Marcus* looſe
Of my word I haue writt
Ther's not a God left vnſo
Marcus. Kinſemen, ſho
VVee will afflict the En
Titus. Now Maſters dr
Good boy in *Virgoes* lap
Marcus. My Lord, I a